

JACKSONVILLE POST

Official Paper of the City of Jacksonville, Oregon

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COURT HOUSE NEWS

Items of Interest to Jackson County Circuit Court

John A. Groves vs Paul G. Deuber. Return of summons.

Beatrice B. Hillary vs E. A. Hillary. Return of summons.

Edward W. Saller vs Knight & Page. Affidavit and order.

Louis Hilty et al, vs John F. Franklin. Return of summons.

Alice Eccleston vs Fred A. Eccleston. Affidavit and order for publication of summons.

James R. O'Brien vs S. S. Bullis et al. Return of summons.

Abijah Wines vs Iva F. Wines. Return of summons.

NEW CASES

Abijah Wines vs Iva E. Wines. Suit for divorce. Complaint filed.

F. H. Maxson vs Ashland Iron Works. Action for recovery of property.

Bank of Commerce of Eugene, Oregon, vs Ella F. Taylor. Action to recover money. Complaint filed.

Pine Belt Banking Co. vs Samuel W. Hudson. Suit to foreclose mortgage. Complaint filed.

COUNTY COURT

Ashland Lumber Co. vs Lemuel N. Nicholson, et al. Notice of lien filed.

In the matter of the estate of Mary A. Barclay, deceased. Inventory and appraisal filed.

In the matter of the estate and guardianship of R. F. Taylor, et al, minors. Report of sale of real property.

In the matter of the estate of M. R. England & Co. insolvent debtors. Assignee's second and final report filed. Order.

In the matter of the estate of Clara S. Birdseye. Petition filed.

In the matter of the estate of Allan Smith, deceased. Receipt of residuary legatee and devisee filed.

In the matter of the estate of Geo. W. Isaacs, deceased. Petition for citation to require executrix to render an account.

In the matter of the estate of Stewart Patterson, deceased. Last will and testament filed. Petition for appointment of executor.

John Billings vs Mrs. Frank McKee. Automobile repair lien filed.

Peppermint Industry

Woodburn, Or., July 15—The peppermint industry promises to grow into an important one on the bottom lands in this section of the valley. Glenn Parr, of this city, has three acres set to peppermint on low ground and is waiting for good weather to cut it while it is in bloom. The mint was planted in rows 2½ feet apart and will be cured like clover. Mr. Parr is building a distillery, and will realize from 60 to 80 pounds of oil to the acre. It requires warm weather to draw out the oil.

Blind Decreases in Oregon

Washington, July 15—According to a report of the census bureau made public today, the ratio of blindness in Oregon shows a striking decrease. In 1900 there were 249 blind persons in the state, which was a ratio of 60.2 per 100,000 population. In 1910 the number of blind persons in the state was 297, but the ratio had dropped to 44.1 per 100,000.

Electric Sparks

(From our files)

Doc Dernburg has gone back to his home in the estimation of his countrymen.

With all due respect to a neighbor Uncle Sam begins to feel like advising General Carranza to hire a haul.

Poor Col. E. M. H-use newsways cannot sneeze without being accused of doing so as these representatives of Pleasant Wilson.

Anti-vivisectionists are going to do a "Spartan" job. But for that picture I should have been out a terrible amount of money. I should have been out a terrible amount of money.

The colonel does not mind those fractured ribs as much as he does his shattered reputation as a rough rider.

He Didn't Blow His Own Horn

By LOUISE B. CUMMINGS.

One beauty of New England is the lakes set in among her hills. On a still morning these hills are reflected on the lakes, giving as perfect an image as the original. I was sitting one summer morning on the porch of a cottage situated on a point of land overlooking one of these lakes admiring the reflection in company with an old man who had been born and always lived in the place. The trees had been cut away before the steps, leaving open a path leading down to the water and a vista revealing a narrow patch on the opposite shore, in the center of which was a small house. My venerable companion gave me a story about this place, the time being some forty years before.

"Cyrus Copeland lived in that house," he said, "when I was a youngster. He had a wife and a daughter. Molly, the daughter, was as trim a girl as ever I saw. I used to see her driving her father's cows to and from pasture, and she walked as straight as a soldier boy. She wore her dresses not much below the knee, but when I stood beside her I noticed that she was pretty high as tall as I was, and I was a grown man.

"There's never been much to earn around here. Nature designed it for summer recreation, and now we're getting city people and bungalows. Copeland died, leaving nothing to his wife and daughter, and his wife soon followed him.

"If you'll move a little this way you'll see another house—that yellow one with a red roof. A man lived alone in that house—he had no wife—who took considerable interest in the Copeland family. He'd seen Molly grow up from child to woman, and even when she was no more than fourteen years old she had kept this man—Jim was his name—from thinking about any woman, although he was just thirty at the time. After Copeland died Jim spent his time inventing ways to make the widow and the girl think what he provided for them was their own, and they were not indebted to him for it. This was no credit to him, seeing that he had no one of his own to do for, and the only comfort he had was doing it for them. He might have married one of them, but he didn't want the widow. She was too old, and Molly was too young for him.

"When the widow died Molly was twenty years old and Jim was forty-two. He saw that some one would have to take care of her since she hadn't anything to live on and no one to do for. And the worst of it was that Jim had told so many lies that she thought she was well fixed. After her mother's funeral Jim went to see Molly to have a talk. You see, it would be hard for him to conceal much longer that he was putting up all the money for her and the condition couldn't continue indefinitely. There was only one way out of it. Despite the difference in their ages, he must marry her. But how to break the matter to her was a problem.

"Molly unintentionally helped him out.

"There's something, Uncle Jim—she'd been used to calling him Uncle Jim from a child—that I've always wished to know. What was the trouble that preyed on father's mind, and I am convinced, finally killed him?

"Jim hadn't the heart to tell her and tried to crawlish, but she hung on and at last he told her. Copeland had had trouble with one Gwynne about a mortgage Gwynne had on his place. One day Gwynne was found dead. It was known that there had been trouble between him and Copeland, and Copeland was accused of the murder. Some neighbors tried to lynch Copeland, and Jim drove them off.

"Nothing more was done about the matter, but Copeland lived the rest of his life under a cloud, for the real murderer never turned up.

"Jim told Molly the story, drawing it as mild as he could as to the part he had taken in the matter, for he didn't want to blow his own horn, but it wasn't likely that Molly could have lived all these years without her father and mother letting her know that they felt thankful to Jim for something. When he came to the part where he had stood against the men that wanted to lynch her father he tried to make it appear of not much importance.

"Molly just threw her arms around his neck and, crying hard, said: 'Uncle Jim, I know from what father and mother have said that what you did was of the greatest importance, but they never told me that it was. I can see now that you acted the part of a—'

"Jim didn't bear any more for her sobs. Of course he sympathized with her and let her cry with her head on his shoulder. After that it came easy for him to explain to her that he had been putting up for her and her mother, and it wouldn't be best for him to keep on doing it unless they were married. Molly saw it in this light and concluded she'd better take the old chap.

"Who was Jim? I asked.

"Jim? I'm Jim."

"I see. That accounts for the modest part you have given yourself in the story."

I learned from Jim's wife that his defense of her father was a remarkably heroic act. Moreover, she told me that from the time she was old enough to know what love was she had expected and desired that she would be his wife.

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PHONE 142

Spice of Life

"A man is soon forgotten after he's dead," said a speaker one evening. "Not if you marry his widow, governor," cried a voice from the crowd.—Livingston Lance.

He—This bread isn't like the kind mother makes. She—I hope not. This bread is fit to eat.—Baltimore American.

Hub (at breakfast)—I've got a bad head this morning. Wife—I'm sorry, dear. I do hope you'll be able to shake it off.—Boston Transcript

"My barber has quit discussing the war," "Way was that?" "It was his idea to size up his customers and take sides accordingly but yesterday he got set wrong four times."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

English Village Worthy (discussing possibilities of invasion) Waa, there can't be no battle in these parts, Jarge for there ain't no field suitable, as you may say; an' 'quire 'e won't lend 'em the use of 'is park.

"Where do you find the most miserable of men?" exclaimed the exhorter, fervently. "You don't have to find him," responded the man in the fourth row, center, "he herts you up and tells you all about it."—Philadelphia Public

"What does our party stand for?" asked the machine senator. "You, for one thing," replied a raucous voice from the rear of the hall.—Philadelphia Record.

Friend—This is a nice stallio you have is the rent high? Artist—I don't remember.

The Mesal Button. Peyote, known commercially as mesal, is a species of cactus grown in northern Mexico. The mesal button, about one and a half inches in diameter, is to the uninitiated disagreeable in both odor and taste. Although a tea is made from it, it is more generally eaten in its dry state, and has hence been called "dry whisky." The effect upon the user is different from that of any other drug. There is trembling and nausea, a sense of dual existence, in some cases a delirium somewhat similar to delirium tremens, and an overestimation of time—minutes becoming hours and hours long periods of time. The most extraordinary effect, however, is the visual hallucinations and the effect upon the hearing. The habitue enjoys "a regular habit" of seeing play of most wonderful colors, an incessant flow of visions of infinite beauty, grandeur and variety, while each note produced on the piano becomes a center of a melody of other notes which appear to be surrounded by a halo of color, pulsating to the music.—Leslie's.

Whale Curiosities.

Little is really known about his whaleness. This is surprising, considering he is such an interesting subject. The blue or sulphur bottom whale is the largest animal on our today. Specimens have measured eighty-seven feet in length, which in all probability weighed about seventy-five tons. Oddly enough, although the mouth will permit twelve men to stand in it the throat is only nine inches in diameter. These particular whales feed on minute shrimps—about three-quarters of an inch in length—and they probably never touch fish while they can obtain these. From the inside of one of these whales five barrels of shrimps were taken. The sperm whale possesses spermaceti in liquid form in the upper portion of its head. From one of the whales twenty barrels of spermaceti were taken out of the "case." This same type of whale also yields ambergris, that valuable substance used so extensively in the manufacture of our best perfumes.

A Lost Sea.

"One of the most curious experiences I ever had," says James Oliver Curwood, the author, "occurred on my first trip to James bay, the southern portion of Hudson bay. We reached the bay just at sunset. It happened that I was the first to awaken in the morning, and when I crawled out of my tepee I gave a yell that roused the camp. The sea was gone! Not a sign of that vast grass grown dip in which it had been. My first thought, and a natural one, was that I was out of my head. Where had the sea gone? Had we really camped on its shore the night before? I strained my eyes, but could see nothing but that dip speckled with pools of water. I was in the company of a Hudson bay factor at the time, and I turned to find him laughing. Then the explanation came. At this point James bay was unusually shallow, and at low tide the sea dropped back seven miles! During the night it had actually left us seven miles inland."

Japan First With Japanese.

Every Japanese is a Japanese first, whatever else he may be second. In this unified patriotism they are incomparable. It extends even to the minor affairs of life. There is no Japanese, of high or low degree, who will admit any fault of his country to a foreigner, however strict his censure may be when talking to his friends. If there are faults the Japanese conceal them. They never volunteer any information as to drawbacks, and they always have an excuse for failures. No condition can arise in Japan whereby a foreigner can learn from a Japanese of anything to the detriment of the country. The statesman will not tell you anything. The coolies will not tell you anything. They are unfeeling of concealment. They put the good face on everything. It is Japan first with them. Japan first always, and always a super-Japan.—Samuel G. Blythe in Saturday Evening Post.

Wood Alcohol.

The greatest danger in inhaling the fumes of wood alcohol is their effect on the optic nerve, which often results in total and incurable blindness.

Strains.

"Strains" things happen in life. "Indeed," I even know a man who actually thinks his landlord is a fine fellow.—Exchange.

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